













## LITERARY EXAMINER.

### The Merchant and his Parrot.

"A parrot belonged to a merchant sage,  
A beautiful parrot, confined in a cage.  
And one day the merchant's fancy ran  
On a journey of traffic to Hindustan.  
He bade all his servants and maidens come,  
And he asked them what gifts he should bring  
Them home."

And each servant and maiden with thanks con-  
fessed,  
What'er it might be, that would please them  
best,  
To his parrot he turned, and said, smilingly,  
"And what Indian gift I bring to thee?"  
And the parrot replied, "When thou go'st thy  
way."

And behold my fellows as they play,  
Oh, give them my message, and tell them this—  
Let them know from me what captivity is!  
Oh, tell them—"A parrot, a friend of yours,  
Who has danced with you in these happy bow-  
ers."

Has been carried away by ill fate's design,  
And now is confined in a cage of mine;  
He sends you the wishes that love should send,  
And prays you to look on your absent friend.  
Behold," he says, "how I pine, alas!  
While you dance all day on the trees and grass:  
Is this to be faithful in friendship and love—  
Is there in a prison, and you in a grove?  
Oh, remember our friendship in days gone by,  
And send me some token in captivity!"  
The merchant set out, and his way pursued  
Till he came at last to an ancient wood  
On the borders of Ind, where, in summer days,  
The parrots were sporting from tree to tree.  
He stayed his horse as he past them went,  
And he gave them the message his parrot sent;  
And one of the birds, as the words he said,  
Fell off from its perch to the ground, as dead.  
Some repeated the sage, as the parrot fell:  
"God's creature is slain by his friend I tell."  
Yon parrot and mine were not friends alone,  
Their bodies were torn, but their souls were one.  
This tongue of mine is like that and steel,  
And all that it utters are sparks which will  
He then went on his way with a heavy heart,  
And he traded in many a distant mart,  
And at length, when his traffic and toil were  
o'er,

He returned to his welcome home once more,  
To every servant a gift he brought—  
And to every maiden the gift she sought,  
And the parrot, too, asked, when his turn was  
come.

"Oh where is the gift you have brought me  
home?"  
"Twas a bitter message," the sage replied:  
"For when it was given, thy companion died!"  
And the bird at once, when the words he said,  
Fell off like its friend, from its perch, as dead.  
When the merchant heard it thus fall and die,  
He sprang from his place with a bitter cry:  
"Oh, my sweet-voiced parrot, why fall'st thou  
now?"

My well-loved partner of joy and woe!  
Oh, alas! that that bright moon  
Is veiled by the clouds of death so soon!"  
Then out of the cage the bird he threw.  
And he to the top of a tree it flew.  
And while he stood gazing, and with red eyes,  
It then gave him some words of advice ere it  
died.

And then joyfully wished the good merchant  
adieu:  
"Thou hast done me a kindness; good master,  
farewell!"  
Thou hast freed me for aye from the bond of this cell!"  
Farewell, my good master, for homeward I fly:  
One day thou shalt gain the same freedom as I!"  
Westminster Review.

From Chambers Edinburgh Journal.

### The Little Pilgrim.

#### A SIMILE STORY.

The only youthful inmate of a large old-fashioned house in an ancient town in the very centre of Old England, was Maria Walker. She lived with her grandmother and two maiden aunts, whom she would have called very old indeed, though they by no means were of the same opinion. Indeed, the little girl most strenuously maintained, on all suitable, and many very unsuitable occasions, that they never could be so young as they seemed in their pictures, which represented them as two tall awkward girls, just struggling into womanhood; one with a parrot on her hand, the other with an ominous kitten in her arms, and both with the blackest of hair, the reddest of cheeks, the whitest of frocks, and the pinkiest of sashes.

Most people would have expected to find little Maria a very dull unhappy child, it seemed such an incongruous atmosphere for the buoyant spirits of a merry little girl; for the stillness of death reigned through the house, whose echoes were seldom awakened by any sound, save that of Lilly's tail patting against the drawing-room door, when, finding it shut, she took that method of gaining admittance to the fireside circle, where her beautiful white fur contrasted very well with the rich folds of grand mamma's black silks and satins. Lilly was the descendant of the kitten in Aunt Maria's picture, and this was a circumstance which sadly perplexed the youthful mind of Maria, who could not reconcile the idea of so old a creature being the grandchild of so young a one; her grandmother and herself, she justly observed, were the very reverse.

Maria, however, was a very happy child, though she durst not make a noise anywhere except in her own play-room at the top of the house. Of course she had her troubles like all other little girls, even those whose voices are never checked; and she used to get into sad scrapes sometimes; but then she used soon to get out of them, and she was neither perplexed by regrets for the past nor fears for the future.

The very first serious difficulty Maria could recollect finding herself in, occurred one day when grandmother and both aunts were gone out to dinner; an event of very rare occurrence, and of momentous interest in the family. Both aunts had had some scruples about the propriety of leaving Maria so very long alone, for company dinners at Oldtown were celebrated at two o'clock; but as neither of them seemed for a moment to contemplate the possibility of staying at home to take care of her, their anxieties assumed the form of strict injunctions to Mrs. Martha, the housekeeper, on no account to let her out of her sight.

Now, Mrs. Martha had not the slightest intention of being guilty of a breach of trust. But she had bought some green tea, and baked a very superior cake, and had asked two ladies maids to drink tea with her; and it did not at all comport with her ideas of comfort that Miss Maria should be beside them all the afternoon, and have it in her power to retail in the drawing-room next day, all the news which she hoped to hear.

quised, "when they so seldom go a-plesanting, that they should be frightened about her."

Maria was in general a very good little girl, and if she had been allowed to have her childish curiosity reasonably gratified, the desire that now filled her whole mind would have had no place there. But Aunt Charlotte so invariably insisted that little girls were never allowed to ask questions, for that, when they grew up, they would know everything that was good for them to know; and she had very recently smarted so severely under the laughter of her aunts, when she had asked if rivers had teeth as well as mouths, that she resolved she would ask no questions, but try to find out for herself what at present she so much wished to know; and the day when grandmother and aunts were to dine out, appeared so suitable for the attempt, that it was with unequalled pleasure she heard that Miss Martha was to exercise the rights of hospitality on the same evening.

Maria's education had been far from neglected. She could read very well, had begun to learn to write, and had received lessons in geography and history, though, from the dry tedious manner in which they were administered, her ideas of time and space were very confused. She had formed a theory of her own, that all celebrated persons of different countries whose names began with the same kind of sound, were contemporaries; that, for instance, Queen Anne and Hannibal, Queen Mary and Marius, Brutus and Bruce the traveller, might have known each other if they had but lived near enough. Her ideas of geography were not much less vague, as may be inferred from the fact, that she believed certain mounds in the churchyard to be really what Mrs. Martha asserted them to be, the graves of the infants slaughtered by Herod. Her grandmother told all her friends what very great pains she took to give Maria good principles. Her lectures on these points might all be reduced to five heads; namely, to put every thing to its proper use, to be gentle, and to hate the French. It will not be surprising that, with such training, the perusal of the Pilgrim's Progress, a copy of which had recently been presented to her, gave an entirely new bias to her thoughts. Soberly puzzled was she to guess how much of it might be true, when, one day as they were driving out in the carriage, she saw at a little distance from the road a very handsome house. On some one asking the name of it, she did not hear the answer distinctly, but was quite sure she heard the word Beautiful; and as they immediately began to descend a hill, she immediately concluded that it was the palace Beautiful, and that that hill was the hill Difficult.

One great point was now ascertained, that there were really such places; but she began to sadly distrust when it occurred to her that they were travelling in the wrong direction from what they ought to be doing.

Oldtown was a town where fewer changes occurred than in more populous and modern places, and Maria scarcely recollected ever to have heard of any one's leaving it. Certainly she had never heard of any one going on a pilgrimage, and she wondered very much how her aunts, who had told her the Pilgrim's Progress was so very good a book, should have read it without thinking it necessary to take the advice it conveyed.

The rector of the parish happened to call the very next day at Mrs. Walker's, and as he was going away, inquired so kindly after the little girl, that she was called in from the garden to see him. He asked what book it was she was reading, and when she said it was the Pilgrim's Progress, he stroked her head, and said he hoped she would not delay setting out on her pilgrimage till she was the age of Christian, adding that a youthful pilgrim was the most interesting object he knew. This last observation was addressed to her aunts, who assented to it, as they did at every thing Mr. Roberts said; that confirmed the resolution which Maria had already taken of setting out alone. I need hardly add, that the day she fixed upon was the one to which we have already so often alluded.

The party assembled in the housekeeper's room had just reversed their cups in their saucers, as a signal that they did not wish them replenished, when one of the party requested Mrs. Martha's permission to bestow a piece of bread, thickly buttered, and covered with sugar, upon Miss Maria—we presume, as a token of gratitude for keeping out of their way. Consent was obtained, but as Miss Maria was not to be seen, the whole party issued forth into the garden in search of her. Every walk was explored, but in vain; and at last a little gate leading into a wood being found open, the wood was searched, but with no better success.

What anguish did Mrs. Martha suffer when she thought how faithfully she had promised not to let the child out of her sight! They retraced their steps to the house, some one suggesting that she might be there. But no—all their search was vain. Hannah thought she might have gone to buy some barley sugar, but she had not been seen at the shop, nor on the road to it, for Hannah stopped to ask every one she met if they had seen the child. Hour after hour was spent in an unavailing search, and at last the ladies arrived at home, where a scene of confusion ensued that baffles description. In the midst of it a boy arrived with a little shoe, which he said he thought must belong to young madam: of its being hers there could be no doubt; and many were the tears shed, over what, Mrs. Martha said, was all that now remained of Miss Maria. The boy could give no information as to where this relic was found, for a woman whom he did not know had given it to him to bring to Mrs. Walker, whom she did not know, who said he had found it, but she did not ask where; but she thought, if it was hers, it might be a comfort to her friends to have something that had belonged to her.

But it is time that we should return to Maria. When she had made up her mind to set out, it was a distressing thought to her that she knew not the direction in which to turn for the purpose of finding the path she was to pursue, and she was determined to ask no one by the way for fear of encountering Mr. Worldly Wiseman. The road by which they came in the carriage, she knew, did not bring them through the Wicket Gate. She concluded, therefore, that there must be some different road through the fields to the foot of the hill. Difficultly, which she could distinctly see from the garden; so she resolved to make her way through the fields for the chance of finding it; but she could not succeed in getting by the right path, she would at last get there; and when she reached the porter's lodge, at the gate of the palace, she would there ask them to take her back to the beginning of the path, which she was sure some of them would do. She set out, then, expecting every moment to hear her name called from behind her; for she remembered that Christian's friends were

clamorous that he should return, and she naturally supposed her might be so too; but she was firmly resolved to pursue the same course that he did, and put her fingers in her ears, that she might not hear. She had her meagerness certainly, as to the propriety of leaving home; but then she thought Mr. Roberts had so distinctly recommended her journey, that her aunts could not blame her journey, particularly as it had not escaped her observation how cordially they had agreed with him as to the necessity of it; and they had so often on a Sunday evening exhorted her to do during the week all that Mr. Roberts had enforced in his sermons, that she thought, or tried to think, that for once they would have no cause to complain. She scrambled over or through several hedges, without seeing any thing at all like a path through the fields; still she fancied she was gaining upon the hill, and she thought if she reached the Palace, they would allow her to sleep there, although she had not come in by the Wicket Gate, since she really wished to go through it; and she amused herself by wondering whether she should sleep in the same room where Christian had slept, and whether they would give her any armour, or whether it was worn by men pilgrims. She was interrupted in her reverie by seeing a number of cows running, as she feared, towards her; so she began to run too, and it was not till she had climbed a gate into the next field, that she missed one of her shoes, which had fallen off in her rapid flight—that same shoe which caused so much lamentation at home. She durst not go back to look for it, as a dog was still chasing the cows; but she thought she could manage to walk without it, as the grass was so very soft, and she was sure either Prudence, Piety, or Charity, would give her a new one. At last she reached the high road, and began to ascend the hill. By this time she was very tired, very sleepy, and very hungry, but she remembered Christian had felt sleepy here also; and she resolved, however tired, not to sleep in the arbour, for which, however, she looked in vain, and concluded it had been pulled down; she could not help feeling very glad of it, as with her tired little limbs it certainly would have been very difficult to resist the temptation. She was very much shocked to see how many people were coming down the hill, and that no one but herself was ascending it. At length she saw two tall big men apparently running a race down, and her little heart beat more rapidly as she thought how very awful the lions must look; for if these were not Titmouse and Mistur themselves, she did not for a moment doubt that they were terrified in the same manner. She had not seen any lions the day they passed in the carriage, and she had sometimes almost ventured to hope that they no longer existed; but how the poor little thing trembled, when, on reaching the bend of the road, when it swept off the lodge she had before seen, there appeared, reposing under the shade of two fine beech-trees, two enormous lions!

Maria was no great naturalist, or she would have perceived at once that they were made of stone, but she never for a moment doubted that they were really the lions! She stood gazing and trembling for some time, continually repeating: "The lions were chained, but he saw not the chains;" and then, summoning up all her courage, she ran swiftly between them, passed through the gate, and knocked with all her little might at the door of the lodge. It was opened by a tall good-looking man; and Maria, awestruck at beholding at length one of the individuals of whom she had thought so much, dropped a curtsy, and said, "If you please, sir, are you Watchful?" "Why, Miss, as to that," said the man, smiling good-humouredly, "I hope I be; what did you please to want?" "I want direction, if you please, sir," replied Maria. "I say, Miss," said the man, looking over his shoulder at his wife, "didst ever hear the like of that?—here's a little maiden asks how she wants direction."

"Well, I've seen many a one; I wanted it afore, but never one as owned to it!" A sharp-featured vinegar-looking woman now appeared, looking very unlike any thing Maria expected to see so near the house Beautiful. "So you want direction, Miss, do you?" Well, I wonder if there's any thing else you want?" "I thought," said Maria, trying to look brave, "I might perhaps be allowed to sleep either here or at the palace."

A private confabulation now took place between the husband and wife, in which it was agreed he should take Maria to the quality at the great house, as may be they would make something of her. Maria felt very proud when she found herself with her hand in that of Mr. Watchful, and actually on the way to the palace. Her guide left her outside, while he asked to speak to Mr. Adams, to whom he said that the little lady's intellects seemed all of a heap together, it was such a queer thing to hear a child like her talk of want of discretion, though no doubt it was all very true. Mrs. Adams told him to get a horse ready that she might send him off to the friends of the little girl, as soon as she had ascertained who they were; and she came and led Maria by the hand into the drawing-room so tenderly, and looked so very kindly, that Maria began to feel quite reassured. She was delighted to see these ladies in the room, who, of course, were Piety, Prudence, and Charity. Mrs. Adams as soon as she had given her a large slice of bread and butter and some new milk, said, "Now, my dear, you'll tell us what your name is, and who your papa and mamma are."

"My name, ma'am, is Maria Walker, but I never had either a papa or mamma," replied Maria, with the utmost simplicity. "And where do you live, dear?" "At Oldtown, with my grand-mamma." "And where were you going, my love?" "I did not want to go farther than this house to-night. I always intended to sleep here." "And does any one know you were coming here?" "No, ma'am." No one knew exactly that I meant to come to-day; but my clergyman, Mr. Roberts, strongly advised me to come, and he said I could not set out too soon." "And what was your object in coming, Maria?" "I wished to set an example to all the people in Oldtown," was the answer, and both Mrs. Adams and her daughters were quite at a loss what to think of their little visitor.

Maria, however, had gained so much courage, that she thought she might now venture to ask a few questions, and began with, "Do many children come here, ma'am?" "Yes, sometimes we have children here. We're all very fond of them when they are good." And have you got any armour for little girl's ma'am?" This was almost too much for the gravity of Mrs. Adams, but she determined not to let her see how much amused she was, but rather to encourage her in asking any questions she pleased, hoping by the means to obtain a clue to the very extraordinary story which her mind seemed to be. "Oh no!" she said; "but why do you want to know?" "I was afraid you had not," said Maria, and then looking very serious, "Please, ma'am, tell me is this house very

near the Valley of the Shadow of Death?" "My poor little child," said Mrs. Adams, drawing her close to her, and kissing her, "that, none of us can tell; it may be nearer than we think." "But you want to send me there to-night, will you?" and the child half cried as she asked the question. "You'll let me stay and sleep here?" "Yes, that you shall, dear little wanderer, and I think you must sleep very much, for you look tired, and your little hand is very hot." "I suppose nobody ever comes back here that's been through the Valley," continued the child, almost as if thinking aloud. This touched a chord in every bosom present, that thrilled through them, for their mourning was yet new for one very dear to them, who had been suddenly hurried through that valley of which Maria spoke. "I've been thinking, ma'am, it would be a terrible thing for a little girl like me to go there alone without any armour; oh! please do let Piety go with me—oh, pray do!" said the child, wondering what she could possibly have said to make them all cry so. At this moment the porter arrived to say he was ready, and Mrs. Adams desired him to tell Mrs. Walker her little Maria was safe, but very tired, and she would either take her home in the morning, or would be very happy to see the ladies if they liked to come and fetch her. "I don't want to go home," said Maria; "I only want to go back as far as the Wicket Gate, that I may begin at the beginning." "Oh, now I see it all!" exclaimed she, whom Maria was sure must be Charity; "you dear delightful little creature, you've been reading the Pilgrim's Progress till your little head is turned, as I'm sure mine would have been at your age, if I had not had a good mamma to explain it all to me; and as you never had a mamma, how could you know any thing about it?"

A few judicious questions now drew forth from Maria the whole story of her pilgrimage, and when her aunts arrived before breakfast next morning, they were quite surprised to find her looking so well and happy and rational, as they had been very much frightened by Mr. Watchful's account of what he called her lightheadedness and want of discretion.

Mrs. Adams begged she might be allowed to stay a few days with them; and before the time came for her departure, the beautiful allegory which had so much perplexed her, was made so very plain, that she thought she must have been extremely stupid not to have found out the meaning for herself.

My young readers will, I am sure, be glad to hear that Maria, who has now little girls Wicket Gate, and is anxious to show to others the privilege of being permitted to enter it. Few in the present day have not greater advantages than she had; and if any are induced to ask themselves the question, whether, with superior instruction, they are equally in earnest to obtain in the days of health, Piety for their companion through that dark valley, which sooner or later all must tread, my story will not have been written in vain.

## Once upon a Time.

### BY MRS. SOUTHEY.

I mind me of a pleasant time,  
A season long ago;  
The pleasant I've ever known,  
Or ever shall know.  
Best, blindest, and littlest twinkling stars,  
So merrily did chime;  
The year was in its sweet spring-tide,  
And I was in my prime.

I've never heard such music since,  
From every bending spray;  
I've never picked such prizes,  
Set thick and close about me;  
I've never smelt such violets  
As all that pleasant time.  
I found by every hawthorn-root—  
When I was in my prime.

You moody down, so black and bare,  
With gorgeous tints and gay  
With golden gossamer—then blossoming—  
And now a bloomless no-day.  
The blackbird sings but seldom now  
Up there in the old lime,  
Where hours on hours he used to sing—  
When I was in my prime.

Such cutting winds came never then  
To pierce one thro' and thro';  
My little hand was never shiver'd,  
More lamely the dew.  
The morning mist and evening haze  
(Unlike this cold grey time)  
Seemed woven warm of golden air—  
When I was in my prime.

And blackberries—so mawkish now—  
Were then my flavoured treat;  
And autumn's reddest clusters ripe  
I never shall pull again.  
Nor strawberries blushing ripe as rich  
As fruit of sunniest clime;  
How all is altered for the worse  
Since I was in my prime!

A Picture Book without Pictures.  
"I knew a Pucelle," said the Moon. The folk at a festival had been too late to see the picture. All his movements were comical, and raised peals of laughter in the house, although there was nothing in particular to call it forth—it was only his style. Even when a mere child, he was as his first tragedian. All that was heroic and great filled his soul, and still his lot was to be a Pucelle. His very sorrow, his melancholy, heightened the dramatic effect of his sharply-marked features, and around the laughter of a Turkish pasha, who applauded his favorite.

"The lovely Columbine was good and kind to him, and she preferred to give her hand to Harlequin, who had been too late to see her, and a thing in reality 'Beauty and the Beast' had married. Whenever Pucelle was dejected, she was the only one who could bring a smile upon her face, but she could never make him laugh. At last she was so much like him, that she was somewhat calmer, and at last overflew with fun. 'I know well enough what you say,' she said, 'it is love and love alone that will do it. I am so much in love with you, that I would do anything for you.' 'Love and love!' he exclaimed; 'that would be a good deal indeed! how the folks would clap and shout!'"

"It is love alone," she repeated with a comical pathos; "you love—you love me!" "Yes," he said, "the more I think they imagine that in their hearts there is no love. Pucelle skipped into the air and his melancholy was gone. And yet she had spoken the truth; for she loved him, the loved her, truly, for he loved all that was noble and beautiful in art. On her wedding-day he seemed the merriest of the merry; but in the night he wept; had the folks seen his face they would have clapped their hands."

"Not long ago Columbine died. On the day when she was buried, Harlequin had leave not to appear upon the boards: was he not a mourning widower? But the manager had to give something very good, that the public might not miss the pretty Columbine and the agile Harlequin. So the mumble Pucelle had to do duty; he danced and skipped about—despised in the heart—and all clapped their hands and cried 'Bravo, bravo!' Pucelle was called for. Oh, he was beyond all price!"

"Last night, after the performance, little Pucelle strolled out of the town, towards the lonely churchyard. The street of flowers upon Columbine's grave had already faded. There he sat down; it was a perfect picture; his chin resting upon his hand, his eyes turned towards me—a Pucelle upon the grave, peculiar and comical. The moon shone in the sky, and he would have clapped and cried, 'Bravo, Pucelle!' bravo, bravo!"

"Often have I seen young officers, parading for the first time in their splendid uniforms, have seen maidens in their ball-dress—the handsome bride of a prince arriving in her festal attire; but no joy to be compared to that which I witnessed here, when that public night, four years ago. She had received a present of a new little blue frock, and a new rose-colored bonnet. The frock was already put on, and all present sat out for candles, for the light of the moon-beams that shone in at the window was far too little. 'Light, light!' was the cry. There stood the maiden as stiff as a doll; her little arms stretched out from the frock, and her legs apart from each other; and oh, how her eyes and every feature beamed with joy!"

"To-morrow you shall go out," said her mother. And the little girl looked up at her bonnet, and heartily clapped her hands, and said, 'Mother, said she, 'what will the folks think when they see me in my smart dress?'" Hans Christian Andersen.

FABRIZIO BARRETT—Andersen's first meeting with Frederica Bremer on a voyage to Stockholm. "Evening came on, and about midnight we were on the great Wener lake. At sunrise I wished to have a view of this extensive lake, the shores of which could scarcely be seen; and for this purpose I left the cabin. At the very moment that I did so, another passenger was also doing the same, a lady neither young nor old, wrapped in a shawl and cloak. I thought to myself, if Miss Bremer is on board, this must be she, and fell into discourse with her; she replied politely, but still distantly, nor would she directly answer my question, whether she was the author of the celebrated novels. She asked after my name; was acquainted with it; but confessed she had read none of my works. She then enquired whether I had not some of them with me, and I lent her a copy of the 'Improvisatore,' which I had destined for 'Bismarck.' She vanished immediately with the volumes, and was not again visible all morning."

"When I again saw her, her countenance was beaming, and she was full of cordiality; she pressed my hand, and said that she had read the greater part of the first volume, and that she now knew me."

"Miss Bremer related many legends and many histories, which were connected with this or that island, or those farm-premises aloft on the mainland. In Stockholm, the acquaintance with her increased, and year after year the letters which have passed between us have strengthened it. She is a noble woman; the great truths of religion, and the poetry which lies in the quiet circumstances of life, have penetrated her being."—Hans Christian Andersen's Story of his own life.

THE REAL SOURCE OF INFLUENCE.—The advance of civilization, the progress of worldly affairs, are gradually tending to a great assimilation between the different classes of society; but the political barriers may vanish, and the social ones may remain in full force, and even with far more offensive stringency than ever, if the reserve (it cannot, in all cases, be called the pride) of wealth is suffered to remain in unabated vigor. The real source of influence is sympathy; the only means of exercising it is through sympathy; and we may bestow aims without end, and have society without number, and see no results from our gifts and our labor till we reach the hearts of the poor—and strange hearts they would be, if the distant nod, the formal investigations, and the measured terms in which we are wont to address them, were to win to us and to our objects.—Lady G. Fullerton's Granley Manor.

## Madame de Stael.

### BY MRS. SOUTHEY.

"A young but already influential female had lent to this latter party the prestige of her youth, her genius, and her enthusiasm—it was Madame de Stael. Necker's daughter, she had inspired politics from her birth. Her mother's salon had been the cradle of the philosophy of the 18th century. Voltaire, Rousseau, Buffon, D'Alembert, Diderot, Raynal, Bernardin, de Saint Pierre, Condorcet, had played with this child, and fostered her earliest ideas. Her cradle was that of the Revolution. Her father's popularity had played about her lips, and left there an inextinguishable thirst for fame. She sought it in the storms of the populace, in calumny and death. Her genius was great, her soul pure, her heart deeply impassioned. A man in her energy, a woman in her tenderness, that the ideal of her ambition should be satisfied, it was necessary for her to associate in the same character, genius, glory, and love."

"Nature, education, and fortune, rendered possible this triple dream of a woman, a philosopher, and a hero. Born in a republic, educated in a court, daughter of a minister, wife of an ambassador, belonging by birth to the people, to the literary world by talent, to the aristocracy by rank, the three elements of the Revolution mingled or contended in her. Her genius was like the antique chorus, in which all the great voices of the drama unite in one tumultuous concord. A deep thinker by inspiration, a tribute by eloquence, a woman in attraction, her beauty, unsmothered by the million, required intellect to be admired, and admiration to be felt. Her was not the beauty of form and features, but visible inspiration and the manifestation of passionate impulse. Attitude, gesture, tone of voice, look—all obeyed her mind, and created her brilliancy. Her black eyes flashing with fire, gave out from beneath their long lids, as much tenderness as pride. Her look so often lost in space, was followed by those who knew her, as if it were possible to find with her the inspiration she sought. That gaze, open yet profound as her understanding, had as much serenity as penetration. We felt that the light of her genius was only the reverberation of a mine of tenderness of heart. Thus there was a secret love in all the admiration she excited; and she, in admiration, cared only for love. Love with her was but enlightened admiration."

"Events rapidly ripened; ideas and things were crowded into her life; she had no infancy. At twenty-two years of age she had the maturity of thought with the grace and softness of youth. She wrote like Rousseau, and spoke like Mirabeau. Capable of bold conceptions and complicated designs, she could contain in her bosom at the same time a lofty idea and a deep feeling. Like the women of old Rome who agitated the republic by the impulse of their hearts, or who exalted or depressed the empire with their love, she sought to mingle her feelings with her politics, and desired that the elevation of her genius should elevate him she loved. Her sex precluded her from that open action which public position, the tribune, or the army, only accord to men in public governments; and thus she was compulsorily remained unseen in the events she guided. To be the hidden destiny of some great man, to act through and by him, to grow with his greatness, be eminent in his name, was the sole ambition permitted to her—an ambition tender and devoted, which seduces a woman whilst it suffices to her disinterested genius. She could only be the mind and inspiration of some political man; she sought such a one, and in her delusion believed she had found him."—Lamartine's Girondins.

Madame Roland. "Young, lovely, radiant with genius, recently married to a man of serious mind, who was touching on old age, and but recently mother of her first child, Madame Roland was born in that intermediary condition in which families scarcely emancipated from manual labor are, it may be said, amphibious between the laborer and the tradesman, and retain in their manners the virtues and simplicity of the people, whilst they already participate in the lights of society. The period in which aristocracies fall is that in which nations regenerate. The sap of the people is there. In this was born Jean Jacques Rousseau, the virile type of Madame Roland. A portrait of her when a child represents a young girl in her father's workshop, holding in one hand a book, and in the other an engraving tool. This picture is the symbolic definition of the social condition in which Madame Roland was born, and the precise moment between the labor of her hands and her mind."

"Her father, Gratien Philippius, was an engraver and painter in enamel. He joined to these two professions that of a trader in diamonds and jewels. He was a man always aspiring higher than his abilities allowed, and a restless spectator, who incessantly destroyed his modest fortune in his efforts to extend it in proportion to his ambitious yearnings. He adored his daughter, and could not, for her sake, content himself with the perspective of the workshop. He gave her an education of the highest degree, and nature had conferred upon her a heart for the most elevated destinies. We need not say what dreams, misery, and misfortunes men with such characters invariably bring upon their honest families."

"The young girl grew up in this atmosphere of luxuriant imagination and actual wretchedness. Endowed with a premature judgment, she early detected these domestic miseries, and took refuge in the good sense of her mother from the illusions of her father and her own premonitions of the future."

"Marguerite Bimont (her mother's name) had brought her husband a calm beauty, and a mind very superior to her destiny, but angelic piety and resignation armed her equally against ambition and despair. The mother of seven children, who had all died in the birth, she concentrated in her only child all the love of her soul. Yet this very love guarded her from any weakness in the education of her daughter. She preserved the nice balance of her heart and her mind; of her imagination and her reason. The mould in which she formed this youthful mind was graceful; but it was of brass. It might have been said that she foresaw the destinies of her child, and infused into the mind of the young girl that masculine spirit which forms heroes and inspires martyrs. Nature lent herself admirably to the task, and had endowed her pupil with an understanding even superior to her dazzling beauty. This beauty of her earlier years, of which she has herself traced the principal features with infinite ingenuities in the more sprightly pages of her memoirs, was far from having gained the energy, the nobility, and the majesty which she subsequently acquired from repeated love, high thought, and misfortune."

"A tall and apple figure, flat shoulders, a prominent bust, raised by a free and strong respiration, a modest and most becoming demeanor, that carriage of the neck which speaks intrepidity, black and soft hair, blue eyes, which appear brown in the depth

## of their reflection, a look which

soiled rapidly from tenderness to

gave the nose of a Grecian statue, a large mouth, opened by a smile as

speech, splendid teeth, a turned and rounded chin gave to the oval of her

features that voluptuous and feminine

without which even beauty does not

love, a skin marbled with the animal

life, and veined by blood which the

impression sent mounting to her cheeks

from the deepest fibres of her heart,

which was deeply modulated to her

movements (a precious gift, for the

voice, which is the channel of emotion

woman, is the medium of persuasion

orator, and by both these titles nature

her charm of voice, and bestow

freely.) Such, at eighteen years, was the portrait of this young girl, obscurely kept in the shade, and prepare for life or death soul of a

## and a victim more perfect."—Jb.

### AGRICULTURAL.

#### Cure for Fumigated.

As soon as you find your house

bleed him in the neck in proportion

to the founder. In extreme

bleed him as long as he can

and with a spirit, but not too

much, until you get him to swallow

careful not to let him drink too

much, and the edges of his hooves